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Bates College, Lewiston, Me.



# In Memoriam



George Colby Chase, D.D., LL.D.

President of Bates College

College Chapel, Lewiston

June 22, 1919



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SEVENTEENTH SERIES

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George Colby Chase  
March 15, 1844-May 27, 1919

# Program

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ORGAN *Marche Religieuse* Guilman

*Organ Suite* Rogers

a. *Toccata*

b. *Intermezzo*

*Andante Cantabile (from String Quartet)* Haydn

PROCESSIONAL *Marche Solennele* Lemaigre

ANTHEM *Abide With Me* Barnby

INVOCATION Reverend Ashmun Thompson Salley, D.D., '75

RESPONSE *How Sweet To Pray* Phippen

ADDRESS *Incidents of Earlier Days*

Professor Lyman Granville Jordan, Ph.D., '70

POEM *Semper Fidelis*

Mabel S. Merrill, '91

Read by Professor Grosvenor May Robinson, A.M.

ADDRESS *Our President*

Professor William Henry Hartshorn, Litt.D., '86

SOLO *My Redeemer*

Buck

Erle B. Renwick, '18

ADDRESS *The Immortality of a Great Life*

Reverend Thomas Hobbs Stacy, D.D., '76

RECESSIONAL

ORGAN *Finale from Second Organ Symphony*

Widor

Miss Cecelia Christensen, Organist

## INCIDENTS OF EARLIER DAYS

Fifty-five years ago next August there entered the Freshman class of Bates College a young man who was destined to exert a powerful influence upon his own college and upon college life and education in general. One cannot easily conceive how different the conditions were here at that time from what they are now. The beautiful trees which now cover our campus with their delightful shade were then very small, or entirely lacking in places, none of them having been set more than six or eight years. The college grounds occupied less than half their present area, being included entirely between College Street and a line parallel to it running from Campus Avenue just back of the library building and through the middle of the chemical laboratory.

Only two buildings had been erected, Hathorn and Parker Halls, and Hathorn Hall was only partially finished. The Institution was called Bates College, but included the Maine State Seminary and what later became Nichols Latin, or preparatory, School. Only two college classes had been admitted.

It was my good fortune, as a member of the preparatory department, to become acquainted with George Colby Chase in that, his Freshman year, and it has been my much greater good fortune to have that acquaintance and friendship and intimacy continued and strengthened through the long period of years to the day of his death.

George Chase, as we used to call him, to distinguish him from others of the same family name, very soon set the standard among his fellow-students for scholarship, character, and high ideals. At the same time his relations with his classmates and other students were characterized by marked courtesy, frankness, and kindly consideration. In his religious exercises there was manifest a specially reverent and worshipful spirit that was impressive and noticeable even to a casual observer.

In the debating societies which were then an important feature in the student life he occupied a very prominent position. In any discussion or argument the side which secured his help was very sure to win. He took part in the first one of our public college debates, which many here present will remember were established and maintained by the earnest efforts of our beloved Professor Stanton. To those of us younger students listening to that debate several of the speakers seemed to have a vast array of facts, a broad view of the subject, and great skill in arranging and presenting their points. But when the chairman of the committee announced the name of Chase as the winner of the prize there was hearty approval, and no one could question the justness of the decision.

In his senior year he sometimes substituted for an ill or absent Professor, and in those cases the class was sure to have excellent instruction; indeed some of the delinquent students found it very hard to dodge his critical and searching questions. When he graduated he left behind him a reputation for accurate scholarship, strong and original thinking, and high Christian character that has not been exceeded in the history of the college.

After four years of teaching and graduate study, one year of which was at Harvard, he became a member of the Faculty of Bates College, as Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. This department had previously had a rather shadowy existence, and its work consisted chiefly of a brief study of rhetoric and the writing of a few learned essays on various abstruse subjects. But he put his whole soul and energy into his work, and very soon succeeded in raising the department to a strong and thorough course, and maintained it at that high standard for twenty-two years.

As a member of the Faculty he at once became a strong and vital force. In the enforced absences of President Cheney in raising the endowment of the young college there was need of wise leadership and efficient management in the local affairs of the Faculty. Gradually and almost unconsciously Professor Chase came into this position of leadership, and for many years was practically the Dean of the college Faculty.

He also took much interest in public and civic affairs. For sixteen years he was a member of the Lewiston School Board and two years its President. In all this time he exerted an important influence in shaping the policy of our public schools, and in raising the standard of instruction and school management. In one case he stood almost alone in opposition to a very objectionable measure which had been introduced in the School Board with strong support, and which failed of passage only on account of his strenuous efforts and unanswerable arguments against it.

He ably represented the college in many religious and educational conventions, and in one case appeared before a committee of the Maine Legislature in behalf of an educational measure which had been already adversely decided. Having obtained a rehearing he advocated the measure with so forceful and convincing arguments that the committee reversed their decision and rendered an unanimously favorable report, and the bill was soon passed by the legislature.

In addition to all his other duties he gave very substantial aid to President Cheney by raising money for the college endowment, securing while still a professor something over one hundred thousand dollars by his own personal efforts.



In all these relations and duties which we have thus briefly considered he showed the elements of those great qualities which characterized his later life. He had unbounded faith in the triumph of right principles and right policies. He believed that if anything ought to be done it could be done; and allowed no obstacles or difficulties to dishearten him in the accomplishment of his great purposes.

Even in his earlier days character building was one of the foundation principles of his educational policy, and he viewed with the greatest satisfaction all evidences of growth and development in that direction on the part of his students. In a remarkable degree he seemed to have a consciousness of the divine favor and help in his work, and it made him strong and brave and patient and hopeful. No element of his nature, however, was more noticeable than his power of forming strong personal attachments. He was greatly beloved, and by many different classes of people; but he won the love of others because he first loved them. I shall never forget the long conference I had with him Sunday afternoon, the last Sunday of his life, and the many kindly and tender sentiments he expressed about his associates, the students, alumni, citizens of Lewiston and Auburn, and friends in general.

He was great in his faith, great in his hope, great in his love; but he was greatest in his love.



## SEMPER FIDELIS

June once again upon the staunch old hill,  
 Upon the campus and the tree-bowered roofs,  
 And on the walks that knew his faithful feet  
 Year after year, though others failed and passed.  
 June, with the silken whisper of the leaves,  
 With sweet scents breathing over scenes he loved.

So does he keep his tryst with her today,  
 His college, work of his own heart and brain,  
 The dream that came alive beneath his hand.  
 He comes today in living thoughts that dwell  
 Deep in the hearts of those who gather here.  
 He comes with gifts—with golden memories  
 Whereof we weave a garland that shall fade  
 Only when Bates has lost the vision clear  
 That gave her being. With fresh strength he comes,  
 New inspiration and a quickening hope.

There is a flower that blooms in human souls,  
 Grown from some seed divine, nurtured by love,  
 And waxing mightier as the years go by,  
 Till its sweet breath has touched a thousand lives,  
 Blessing and healing with a magic power.  
 Call it what name you like—the love of men—  
 The swift warm impulse when the helping hand  
 Goes out to lift and guide a soul in need—  
 Call it the Will to Serve, the pure desire  
 That grows to passion as its flame is fed,  
 That burns away the dross of selfishness,  
 And leaves the man alone among his kind,  
 "One in a thousand," different from the rest.  
 Too oft the seed from which this flower should come  
 Chances to fall in harsh, unfriendly ground  
 And perishes unheeded in the sand.  
 The world knows not in what low, quiet place  
 The heavenly plant shall find the soil it loves  
 And spring to wondrous life and perfect flower,  
 Till he in whose unselfish soul it blooms  
 Becomes a rare man in the world of men.  
 Something goes out from him whose power is felt,  
 Not often understood, sometimes maligned,  
 Scoffed at by careless ones whose eyes are held  
 That they see not the source of this strange power.  
 The man who lives to serve—ah, he must walk  
 Often alone with only faith's high star  
 To guide him through the shadowland of doubt.  
 Yet by the power that dwells in him he grows  
 Both seer and soldier, mighty man of deeds,  
 With strength to hew the path himself has marked  
 In hours of vision.

Even such was he,

That boy who came to Bates in those first years,  
And stood upon Mount David, looking down  
On the sweet "Mecca of his pilgrimage."  
That, too, was springtime and the balmy air  
Murmured its old-new tale of hope and life.  
Was there a whisper in the breathing wind  
That he had come who brought the precious seed?  
He who should touch a thousand lives with power  
And help and bless the thousands yet to come?  
Here would be lived the rare and precious life  
Whose value we know well and yet know not.  
Here stood the youth whose eye should mark new ways,  
Whose arm should hew new roads where no roads were,  
And, as the years went by, should guide the steps  
Of youth that but for him, had passed along,  
Missing its chance, and finding not the path  
That led to larger life, to wider plains—  
Lifted horizons, showing worlds beyond.

And so today, as ever, does he keep  
His tryst with her he loved and served so well.  
Happy the college that can speak his name  
With a proud air of ownership and say:  
"These are the works he fashioned, what he wrought  
The eyes can see beneath these sheltering boughs."  
Speak for him, tree-bowered roofs, old halls and new,  
Green sward and happy faces of the flowers.  
Speak for him, hearts that lift and eyes that burn  
Bright with our pride, tender with love for him.  
Tell us 'tis ours to hold his standard high  
And keep it pure, as he would have us do.  
And send a message to the hearts afar,  
The absent sons and daughters of these halls,  
That still he lives and waits to welcome them,  
When they shall come again to twine with us  
Fresh leaves for this bright wreath we weave today.



## OUR PRESIDENT

George Colby Chase was born in Unity, Maine, on the 15th of March, 1844. His parents were typical of the old New England stock, staunch, honest, laborious, God-fearing. The young boy from the first knew the struggle for existence, the endless labors of the farm, the isolation and privation then incident to life in a rural community far removed from the business and wealth of the world. He also knew and had in himself the physical and mental vigor, the sturdy independence, the self-reliance, the ambition that often flourish best in such an environment. He was not destined to continue in the sphere to which he was born. He was a boy with a vision, and as the knights of the Round Table, inspired by the light of the Holy Grail, left the Hall of King Arthur and went forth on their quest, so he, following the light that was in him, left the home acres for the broader fields of life. His immediate ambition was the seemingly impossible attainment of an education. This involved a goal, in his time, place, and circumstances, almost as remote as the Grail itself. But, dependent on his own exertions, in the face of overwhelming discouragements, and apparently insurmountable obstacles, by unremitting toil and extreme frugality, by sheer force of character and intellectual ability, he finally achieved his quest and was graduated from Maine State Seminary in 1864 and from Bates College in 1868.

During this period of education, of preparation for the work which lay immediately before him, but as yet unknown, he had done much teaching and had found himself pre-eminently fitted for that profession. At the same time he was considering seriously the claims of the ministry as offering, perhaps, the best opportunities for the service that he felt he must render to God and man.

After graduation he accepted a position as teacher in the New Hampton Literary Institution. His success here was such that two years later, in 1870, he was called to Bates College to serve as an instructor, while pursuing a course in the Theological School which was then connected with the college. Here again, his ability and success were so marked that after a year of graduate study he became Professor of the English Language and Literature in the college which had graduated him four years before. Forty-seven years have passed since he assumed the duties of that professorship, years fraught with changes in the college which no flight of fancy could then have compassed, and during all these years his life has been an integral part of the life of the college, in its promise and fulfillment, in its policies and practices, a vital force of support, guidance and inspiration.

Back of institutions, men; back of men, God. Such, in the final analysis, will be found to be the history of every institution that has

ministered to the welfare of humanity and served to elevate, enrich and ennoble human life. Such, we know in part and believe wholly, has been the history of Bates College. Its founder and first President, Dr. Oren B. Cheney, was a man of God, a man burning with zeal for the service of his Master, a man of broad views, a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions. In his visions he saw a college where others could see only pastures, bogs and stump fences. He saw boys and girls, gathered from the hillsides, the hamlets and towns of New England, assembled in an institution that should place an education within the grasp of the poorest and humblest, should minister to them spiritually as well as intellectually, and should send them forth to serve their fellow-men. Having remarkable practical ability united with constructive imagination, he lived to see his ambitions realized, to see the college founded and safely over the minor ills of infancy. Then, at a ripe old age, crowned with the benedictions of those he had served, he laid down the burden, and the first chapter of the history of Bates College was finished.

His logical successor was Prof. George Colby Chase. As a professor he had been a dominating influence in the college. He shared the ideals and aspirations of Dr. Cheney for the future growth of the institution. For many years he had served as Acting-President during the many and often long absences of the President. In times of severe financial stress he had gone forth to make friends for the young college and to solicit funds for its support. So successful had he been in this undertaking that he had already secured almost \$150,000.

And so, in 1894, he became President of Bates College.

What did he find? What did he not find? He found a small college, 31 years old. He found few buildings, insignificant endowment, inadequate equipment. The simple life was nowhere better exemplified. Behind the college was no large and powerful religious denomination to cast upon it the mantle of its prestige, to furnish it with students and to pour money into its coffers. Most of those who had borne the burdens and sacrifices of founding it had passed to their reward. It had no wealthy friends save those whom the new President had interested in its behalf. It had no great body of alumni, rich and powerful, willing and able to assume the responsibility of its maintenance. It had no famous graduates, the halo of whose glory might shed some lustre on their alma mater. Its graduates were mostly those whose eyes had not caught the gleam of gold, whose ears had not heard the clink of dollars, but had heard the call to service,—ministers, missionaries, teachers.

On the other hand, although he found a small college, other colleges were then small: although it had inadequate resources, few



colleges were then wealthy. Bates College already had high standing for the quality of its work and the results achieved, for the character and success of its graduates in whatever callings they engaged.

It had ideals, principles, ideals and principles which he had helped to establish as the basis of future growth.

It had a faculty, most of whom had borne the burden of years in the service of the college, all imbued with its spirit, for its spirit was theirs, all united in loyalty to the institution with which they had cast their lot for life. It had a student body, drawn mostly from New England and having many of the characteristics of their rugged home.

On this foundation he was to build.

From the first it was recognized, by none better than by himself, that the financial situation of the college would tax his greatest efforts. The material results of these efforts are evident to all who know the college. Of him it may be said: "If you wish to behold his monument, look about you." During the twenty-five years of his Presidency the college has had a steady and healthy growth in resources and equipment, in extent and value of scholastic work, in influence and public favor, a growth small, indeed, from the viewpoint of a great university, but sufficiently remarkable under all the circumstances. As President he lived to see a growth in buildings from 6 to 17; endowment, from \$317,000 to \$1,173,000; cost of maintenance, from \$24,000 to \$100,000; library, from 18,000 to 46,000; faculty and officers, from 13 to 36; students, from 167 to 485; graduates, from 587 to 2,285.

New buildings involved the securing of some \$350,000. Extension of campus, athletic field, laboratories, furnishings, yearly deficits, all required relatively large sums. The funds for this increase of endowment, this erection and purchase of new buildings, these deficits and many other purposes were mostly the results of his earnest, wise and ceaseless efforts.

But these material evidences of prosperity are the last things on which he himself would have placed special emphasis. The college itself, as a spiritual and intellectual entity, a body of teachers, students and graduates, all working with a common purpose for a common goal, this was the chief object of his devotion.

Under his direction the college must fulfill certain requirements. His ideals of a college and a college education had in them nothing original, startling, or unique. They have existed, indeed, do exist, in many institutions and are held today theoretically by most educators. It was his unfaltering belief in those ideals and the tenacity with which he held them in the face of a certain relaxation in modern life and in the educational world, the fidelity and zeal with which he

insisted on their embodiment in college life that distinguished him from many other great educators.

To his mind education consists of the harmonious development of the whole personality, physical, intellectual, spiritual. Character is the supreme end of education. Religion is the true basis of all noble character. Hence a college over which he presided must be a religious institution, not formally or technically, but a place where the atmosphere, the environment is distinctly religious, where religion is a subject of daily thought and presentation, where there is the personal religious touch between teacher and student, between student and student. To further this end, attendance at chapel and church was required, extensive courses in Bible study, Biblical Literature, the history of religion and kindred subjects were introduced and the Y. M. C. A. was organized and conducted on an extensive scale.

But, though religious in the highest degree possible, his college must not have the slightest taint of sectarianism. Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Hindu and Mohammedan, all must be welcome, find their beliefs scrupulously respected and be made to feel as members of a family in a home of toleration. He only expected them to live up to the highest ideals of their faith and to be broad-minded and tolerant themselves.

Not only must his college be religious and non-sectarian, he also felt it best that it should be non-denominational. All students were advised to attend the local churches of the denominations to which they adhered.

A poor boy himself, he knew, by sad experience, the difficulties and perplexities, the labors and hardships, the discouragement, often the despair that such a student must meet and endure in seeking a college education. His college must do its utmost to encourage and stimulate self-reliance and self-help, and smooth the way for those laboring under such handicaps. This end he secured by keeping college charges at the lowest rate consistent with college requirements, by discouraging lavish class and personal expenditure, by finding employment for those in need, and by taking a personal interest in the difficulties of every student.

Finally, it was his great desire that his students should go forth into life, not following the promptings of personal ambition, but heeding the call to service, though fame should pass them by and wealth should never gild their pathway.

As to the purely intellectual work of a college, he was conservative. He insisted on the highest standards of attainment. He believed that the best education consists in a broad foundation with intensive work along selected lines. While recognizing to the utmost modern needs and demands, he never wavered in his belief in the

value of the humanities, or his faith in the so-called classical college.

Of President Chase the man it is difficult to speak. Words are inadequate. They can only suggest an outline, but all who knew him can fill in the details.

He was gifted with a mind singularly keen, discriminating, penetrating and logical. It was of the speculative type and, under other circumstances, he undoubtedly would have won his greatest eminence in the realm of philosophy.

Educated in the days of the broad prescribed curriculum, and having taught many subjects, he was a man of breadth of culture, interested in all branches of knowledge and able to deal intelligently with the claims of all departments of instruction.

He was deeply religious. To him Christianity was no system of Philosophy or Theology, nothing speculative or remote, but the essential part of his very being, permeating every thought and act and radiating from his personality as naturally as light from the sun.

Hand in hand with his faith in God was his faith in man. He believed in man's innate nobility, in the possibilities of his development, in the steady progress of civilization. But more than this, he believed in men, individual men, in students. He believed in the manhood and womanhood, the good intentions, the high purposes and the ultimate success of his students. And when no one, not even he himself, could see the good and by appealing to it rouse the hopeless case, it was hard for him to give up hope. Indeed he never did give up hope but still believed in the redeeming work of the future, and his faith and prayers followed the delinquent out of college and sometimes brought him back a changed man.

Such faith of necessity led to an unconquerable optimism and courage under all circumstances. No cloud was so black that he did not see the silver lining, no difficulty was so overwhelming, no financial crisis so severe as to impair for a moment his sublime courage, or his invincible faith in the destiny of his college.

This in turn led to a remarkable tenacity and perseverance in the pursuit of his aims and ends.

He was characterized above most men by the spirit of helpfulness and his position brought him in daily touch with many who needed his aid. Troubles concerning religious doubts, spiritual problems, moral or social delinquencies, financial distress, need of work, finding of rooms and board, difficulties at home, need of recommendations, all these and more were brought to him and received his careful attention, at an expense of time, energy and nervous force almost inconceivable. But this was work which was dear to his heart, which he felt to be one of the most essential of his duties.



With all the splendid success of his career he remained always the same modest, retiring, unassuming man, seeking no honors, no publicity, no plaudits of the multitude, no commanding position among those whom the world delights to honor. These came but they came unsought. They conferred distinction on the man who craved no distinction save the distinction that should come from a life of successful endeavor, spent in the service of man.

Strong, wise leader, director, the Faculty will miss him. Kind, loving, sympathetic, helpful, the students will miss him. Builder in brick and stone, in minds and souls, the world will miss him. But his life remains. His influence has entered into the life of every graduate of Bates College, will be transmitted by them and will bless the world when Chase Hall shall have crumbled to ruins and his name shall have been forgotten.



CHASE HALL

## THE IMMORTALITY OF A GREAT LIFE

For forty and six years I have gladly returned to these familiar scenes, but the event which brings me here today causes me to feel as never before that

"The tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me."

The old halls, few in the days long gone, the many new ones, erected under the genius of a master builder, the trees ever reaching further their graceful arms, the walks, the very grass that softens the tread of our feet, I love,

"But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Honored by your call, I respond with all my heart, but when the vast multitude whose hearts enshrine him, to whom no words of praise will ever seem adequate, when the many and great accomplishments of his life rise up before me, when I consider the majesty of his character, his unflinching devotion at all times, this privilege becomes a stupendous task, from which I shrink. A task which should be easier, really becomes more difficult, because I loved him.

Perhaps the great reason, why out from so many, together with some of his coadjutors I am permitted to speak here today is because for over forty and especially during the last twenty-five years, our hearts have been so closely knit together in the interests of Bates.

My thoughts cluster about this one theme, "The immortality of a great life."

This is no time or place for theology, nor is it necessary; all the conditions which I would make for personal immortality, were met by him; as everyone must for himself, he settled that question years ago. Not of the personal immortality of George Colby Chase, which I do not question, do I speak, but of the immortality of his accomplishments. There is a sense in which principles are undying, and deeds become immortal. Endeavors live in structures of stone and steel, in lives stimulating other lives, in influences that move on and on as the sunlight once sent forth into the illimitable universe is never recalled.

After almost 1900 years the comradeship of the Man of Galilee is as real as when He taught His disciples by the seashore or walked with them to Emmaus. Real penitence arises from its knees today to pass on with a sense of burden-lifting, heart-changing justification, as real as when face to face He said: "Thy sins be forgiven thee, go in peace."

Today, in Him, we behold the Father's love of His own image in every human creature, and thus again we are led out to the cross on calvary which gathers up in one ineffable expression of tenderness, the divine heart.

Immortality is not a natural quality now, it comes in relations to God through Jesus Christ. "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." "He that believes in the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

The deeds of the immortal partake of the qualities of the doer, so that he who is dead yet speaketh, and he whose hands are clasped in stillness is yet moulding empires and riding in the vanguard of armies.

O what a stupendous destiny for the little words we speak, the little deeds we do! What a marvel to have a place in God's great universe, amid the swinging spheres, the laws and grace of Jehovah!

Out of a grossly immoral age, one ran to Jesus inquiring the way to eternal life, so beautiful in character that Jesus loved him, only one thing was lacking but that was his downfall. Jesus told him to give all he had to the poor, himself to God, and not only should he live forever subjectively but forever a part of the family of disciples, his life should speak for the poor and needy. O blind and slow of heart, not knowing that we live only by dying, we keep only what we give away, we save our lives only by losing them, that the gateway to immortality is death.

What makes a great life, of whose immortality we speak? Human greatness does not depend upon birth or riches, or natural genius. Kings have been born to a throne who were mere weaklings. People of large wealth have left only a shame-marred record. Many wise and shrewd who could bring things to pass have never come to life's greatest possibilities, its comprehensive vision, its tenderest and noblest amenities.

No life can be really great, until it bows at the altar of the Highest, becomes as a little child and lives in His embrace. It is there that one finds himself, and only when one finds himself does the never-ending road begin. Ah! well does Seneca say, "Death falls heavily on him who, too well known to all men, dies unacquainted with himself."

Of all seals of College, University, Fraternity, Order that I know, that of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society appeals to me most: an altar with embers smoking in readiness for the victim; a plow set to the furrough; standing between is the docile ox, and over all the words, "Ready for either"—sacrifice or service.

O pity for all human greatness which falls short of intimate touch with the Infinite. The beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord.

The greatness of life and its work has moved master minds. Carlyle says, "All true work is sacred." Goethe says, "Every extraordinary man has a mission which he is called upon to accomplish." With one grand sweep of his baton the great Browning says, "No work begun shall ever pause for death." While the immortal Shakespeare makes the worn-out Cardinal Wolsey say,

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, He would not in my age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Man a living soul, the result of God's inbreathing, was not the last of divine impartation; still God gives of Himself that we may become like Him. As administrator He is beyond our comprehension, world builder, universe manager, law maker, fountain of unfathomable grace.

Do those who insist so strongly upon law and all conclusions as results of what LeConte is pleased to term resident forces forget that God is the resident force, immanent, upon which all other forces depend? Shall we be too blind to recognize the marvelous doings of God in these days, or marvel at the results of the first battle of the Marne, or the turning of the tide at Chateau Thierry, twenty miles from Paris, or that only last year sturdy soldiers in Flanders caught glimpses of Joan de Arc as she led her armies in the fifteenth century? God is still the administrator and as such He gives Himself to His own.

To a remarkable degree President Chase had the gift of administration. From the lips of the sainted Cheney we have heard of his assistance in government and raising funds, before he became president. Note the changes of the last twenty-five years. In 1894 when Chase became president of Bates, the college had 585 graduates, 167 students, nine officers and instructors. In 1919 she has 2385 graduates, 447 students (the number would be nearly 500 but for the war), 39 officers and instructors, and yet these figures do not represent the actual gains. In 1894 the amount of laboratory work done by individual students in the sciences was scarcely a tenth of that done in 1919. In 1894 the College had no regular librarian, Prof. Stanton adding the care of the College books to his duties as the only teacher of both Greek and Latin. The library was open to students only a few hours a week. In 1919 there is a librarian, an assistant librarian and from ten to twelve student assistants, and the library is accessible to students about ten hours a day. In 1894 the College

Library contained 11,639 volumes, in 1919 it contains upwards of 47,000 volumes. In 1894 there were only five buildings devoted to College purposes, in 1919 there are seventeen. In 1894 only a part of the lower floor of Hathorn Hall fully accommodated the library; in 1919 Coram Library is already crowded, almost to its limit, and must be supplied soon with new stack rooms. In 1894 each building was heated by itself, often very inadequately; in 1919 there is a large heating plant to supply practically all the buildings. Among the new buildings are the Chapel, Rand Hall, Libbey Forum, Carnegie Hall, Coram Library, Roger Williams Hall, Chase Hall. Fully \$5000 have been expended in repairing Parker Hall, an equal amount for Hathorn Hall, \$3000 for Hedge Laboratory and \$10,000 for John Bertram Hall. In 1894 there was no athletic field, now there is Garcelon Field, with grounds, grading and grandstand costing fully \$10,000. In 1894 the funds according to the treasurer's report amounted to \$317,850.45; in 1919 the funds amount to \$1,174,810.32. In 1894 the current income was \$27,070.65; in 1919 it is \$124,414.65.

Since 1894 a system of intercollegiate debates has been developed, bringing to the College a national reputation. In 1894 Bates graduated a class of 22; in 1919 she graduates a class of 100.

Such are some of the results of his administration, equalled by others in the internal conditions of the institution, where amid increasing attendance, marked changes in social life, in an age of shifting thought, the Corporation, Faculty and Students moved on together, in unbroken harmony and loyalty, winning the ever increasing respect of the world.

Does it appeal to you that God is a marvelous educator, that life is a school of discipline, testing and development, in which "He that will do the will shall know the doctrine" and "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord," a school which appeals as much to willingness and love as to intellect? George Colby Chase was a great educator, keen in comprehension, exact in definition, accurate in scholarship, expecting of others what he required of himself; what appealed to him he made a lure to others. His ideas of education went far beyond the College curriculum to the development of character, the promotion of morals, high ideals in aspiration and self-restraint.

In the midst of pressing administrative duties he stimulated thought by his pen, in public addresses, and in the touch of social fraternity, and all these relations were permeated by the truest type of scholarship.

Perhaps nothing in religion appeals to us more than God manifest in the flesh. How humane it is when greatness humbles itself to help the needy! The humaneness of President Chase made him



great, gentle with harshness about him, tender under provocation, uncomplaining amid trials, truest when the course was most tortuous. Always a true man.

What condition of any student whether of material need or moral lapse, failed to appeal to him? When in the midst of apparent failure did he forget human possibilities? Hundreds of men and women are battling out in the world to make it better, impelled by the lofty ideals which he inspired in them. They found in the night what the Cynic philosopher of Athens searched for with a lantern at noonday, a man.

The crowning glory of the life of George Colby Chase was in the fact that he was a Christian. What is a Christian? I heard President Horr of Newton say recently, that a noted German teacher dined with him and it was suggested that this radical German and this conservative American attempt to formulate a satisfactory definition of Christianity together, and this was the result. "Christianity means reconciliation to God through personal relations with Jesus Christ." I think that satisfies all of us. If it can be made any simpler, Jesus made it so. Hear Him say, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold." "And there shall be one fold and one shepherd," says the authorized version, but the revised version says, "There shall be one flock." A fold pens in the sheep, a flock is guided by a voice. Once in Palestine I halted by a stream of water to see a caravan refresh itself; flocks of sheep also rushed down the hillside and plunged into the stream. "Poor shepherds," I said, "how will you ever find your sheep again?" But they rested upon their crooks in composure, and then standing wide apart, each uttered his own peculiar call and every sheep scampered to its own shepherd; they knew their shepherd's voice, a stranger they would not follow. "My sheep know my voice," says the Great Shepherd; because they are Christian. We know George Colby Chase was a Christian. To know anything of his private life was to enrich our own. I knew it sufficiently to see that it was "hid with Christ." He felt his utter dependence upon God. When upon his election to the Presidency I told him how much I desired means with which to help him, he said, "You can pray for me." Times again he has suggested the same thing. In his last word to me of May 23d as chairman of the committee to find his successor, he wrote, "I feel that I have committed to me, in a way, the greatest responsibility that I was ever called upon to meet. Never did I need more the help from the divine source."

George Colby Chase was a Christian gentleman, an eminent scholar and educator, an unusual administrator, a devoted friend, making through all this, lasting friends for Bates.

In that impressive landmark of London, St. Paul's cathedral, you behold tablets and monuments to all kinds of human greatness; among these you come to a simple slab, set in the marble floor, in memory of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, with the inscription, "If you would see his monument, look around you." So the monument to the memory of President Chase is already erected, in these halls, through this campus, out in the world where men and women toil unfalteringly because of his inspiration. To young people everywhere his life stands out an unmistakable example of the great possibilities in a very humble and obscure child.

Many men in the world war had premonitions of coming death, so that while living they spoke as though dead. John McCrae thus expressed himself in these words:

"In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses row on row  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from falling hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye prove false to us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields."

Does not he whom we remember today say to us:

"To you from falling hands we throw  
The torch: be yours to hold it high?"

Can we see any better way to cherish his memory, honor the noble achievements of his life, than by being absolutely true to the scholastic ideals, the moral ideals, the Christian ideals which have made Bates what she is, and which can make her all he desired her to be?

In closing, may I ask you who form that inner circle of which his personality formed so large a part, to go with me in words which have many times consoled me; may they likewise console you.

O thou eternal Life, each vision of our dead  
But makes us closer cling to Thee,  
And ask if when the hour-glass is turned for us  
Its sands will run eternally.

O thou supremest Life, supreme to those  
Submitting all. If not, the same supreme.  
What matters it to have our way a while,  
And then to wake, to find it but a dream.

O thou divinest Life! though all the way  
Is blunder marked, and stains have marred the whole,  
Of that ideal we set; to be divine  
Is yet the strongest impulse of the soul.

O Life with love and pity filled! forgive  
Our sore complaint, if sorrows deep have lain  
On us, and hid the joys of those most dear,  
To magnify our loss above their gain.

O loving Son of God, forgive if I  
Have erred in loving still the life in which  
Mine lived; which lived in mine, and passing left  
A rent, wide growing as a broken stitch.

Forgive if I have sinned, not to forget  
Thy gift; to hold it fast; pain to have dulled  
With memories, to which I fain would bring  
A simple chaplet, which my heart has culled.







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